The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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The Birds' Orchestra.

Bobolink shall play the violin,
Great applause to win;
Lonely, sweet and sad, the meadow lark
Plays the oboe. Hark!
That inspired bugle with a soul—
'Tis the oriole;
Yellow-bird the clarionet shall play
Blithe, and clear, and gay.
Purple finch what instrument will suit?
He can play the flute.
Fire-winged blackbirds sound the merry fife,
Soldiers without strife;
And the robins wind the mellow horn
Loudly eve and morn.
Who shall clash the cymbals? Jay and crow;
That is all they know.
Hylas twang their harps so weird and high,
Such a tuneful cry!
And to roll the deep, melodious drum,
Lo! the bull-frogs come!
Then the splendid chorus, who shall sing
Of so fine a thing?
Who the names of the performers call
Truly, one and all?
Blue-bird, bunting, cat-bird, chickadee
(Phœbe-bird is he),
Swallow, creeper, cross-bill, cuckoo, dove,
Wee wren that I love;
Brisk fly-catcher, finches—what a crowd!
King-bird whistling loud;
Sweet rose-breasted grossbeak, vireo, thrush—
Hear these two, and hush;
Scarlet tanager, song-sparrow small
(Dearer he than all;
At the first sound of his friendly voice
Saddest hearts rejoice),
Redpoll, nuthatch, thrasher, plover gray—
Curlew did I say?
What a jangling all the grankles make!
Is it some mistake?
Anvil chorus yellow-hammer strike,
And the wicked shrike
Harshly creaks like some half-opened door;
He can do no more.

The Lesson Prince George Learned.

THE countries of Africa are: the Barbary States, Egypt, Abyssinia, Zanguebar, Mozam——

Here a little fairy popped in at the door, and at sight of her the young student threw down his geography, frowning.

"Prince Dorge, won't 'oo tum to my party?"

Prince George drew his eyebrows together.

"I told you no. What do you want to come interrupting a fellow for? Do you think I can study with you bothering me every other minute?"

He looked so cross that the fairy retreated without another word.

Prince George took up his geography again.

"Mozambique, Caffraria, Senegambia, Liberia, Upper Guinea, Lower Guinea, Cimbebasia, Ethio——"

The door again flew back on its hinges.

"Dear, dood Dorge, p'ease tum. I have cakes an ev'ysing—tea too."

"I'd like to see myself," said George loftily. "A sponge and doughnut cut in fifty bits, and milk and water for babes. That is a feast worth disturbing one's self about! Feed your dolls."

"If they tood only eat, it'd be so nice," said the fairy.

"Now, Clarry," said George, "you march right straight down-stairs, and don't you come in my room again to-day."

"All day!" cried Clarry. "O dear! 'oo

won't tum, an' it's Saturday too. 'Oo might play just fif'een minutes."

"Only babies play," said George. A'n't I ten years old now?" He turned his back to Clarry, and began to con his lesson again.

Clarry descended very slowly to the front basement, and sat down with folded hands while she viewed her gold-bound dinner service, on which cakes and rosy apples figured. Only two guests were present, and they were stiff enough. Clarry looked at them and tried to smile, and they seemed to look back smiling, but somehow they were poor company.

"Dood day," said Clarry presently, bowing very low to her two guests. "I s'pose 'oo'd like some tea. Help 'ooselves to cakes."

She proceeded to do the honors, but while she poured out the tea, the corners of her rosy mouth twitched.

"O dear!" she said sighing, "I tan't; I don't like to eat up ev'ysing all 'lone."

She pushed her chair away from the table, back against the wall. Just then a giant stalked in. That was her Uncle George. He was just six feet and six inches high!

"Why, fairy, moping?" cried he. "Why art thou cast pown?"

"O unky Dorge!" cried Clarry, "did 'oo ring the bell? I never heard it. I had a party, but P'ince Dorge wouldn't tum."

"The door was open," said the giant, "and Bridget came near pouring a pail of water over me. So Prince George wouldn't come to your party! What's his excuse?"

"Oh! he 'tudying all the time for the p'ize," answered Clarry. "He is so cross. I wish there was no p'ize.

"I am sorry the prize makes him cross," said the giant. "Well, I'll come to your party instead of Prince George. Will that do!"

"Sp'endid!" cried the fairy, laughing gayly.

The giant escorted the fairy to the table, and the party began in earnest. The tea had got cold, but that did not matter. Clarry poured out six cups, one after another, for the thirsty giant, who said that he was sorry to give her so much trouble, but that the tea was so good. The other two guests played the part of wall-flowers, but seemed to enjoy themselves notwithstanding. At last the party was over, for all the goodies were eaten up.

"Fairy, put on your bonnet," said the giant, "and we will go forth to see what can be seen."

Half an hour later, the two came in at the door, followed by a boy bearing a pitcher in one hand, and a basket, containing sundry parcels in white paper, in the other hand.

"Now we've had a stroll, we must have another party," said the giant, "for I am hungry again. Fairy, I'm afraid that my appetite is so large that your plates will prove too small. We must borrow from Bridget, and give her ice-cream in return for her trouble."

In five minutes everything was arranged. "And now I must go up for Prince Dorge," said Clarry.

The giant shook his head. "But he has no time for such nonsense."

"Oh! but he loves cream an' candies," said Clarry, "He'll tum right down."

"Hum!" said the giant. "Well, you may make him come down if you can, but you are not to tell him I am here, nor what good things we've got. Only say, 'Please come down to the party'—not a word more."

"Yes," said Clarry, and she ran up-stairs so fast that she was all out of breath when she reached Prince George's door. The door was locked.

"Dorge," whispered the fairy through the key-hole, "tum down right' way to the party."

"Self-denial. S-e-l-f, self, d-e, de—"

"Do let me in, Dorge. There's a sp'endid party—Un—No!"

Clarry remembered the giant's commands just in time. She drew a deep breath, and then began coaxing again.

"Go away," said George, "I don't want any of your parties. Go away, baby."

"Please tum down," pleaded the fairy, all in tears. "It's sp'endid. 'Oo don't know what there is. Evy'ysing—I tant tell."

The young student answered not a word. Clarry turned to go down stairs again—then she turned back. "I tant," she said to herself. Then she thumped at the door again.

"Tum down an' I'll dive 'oo anysing I've got."

"Go along," said George angrily.

"Unky Dorge down 'tairs, an' there's ice-cream an'ev'ysing."

The door flew open in a moment.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" asked George, and he ran down-stairs full speed, without waiting for an answer. The fairy, with a tear-stained face, following slowly after.

Prince George and the giant shook hands.

"So the claims of prizes haven't made you forget the claims of the fairy of the household, after all," said the giant, with a beaming smile. "You'll deserve your name yet, Prince George."

"I — don't — understand," faltered George, flushing.

George had borne the title of "Prince" ever since he could remember. He had won it by his princely way of bestowing gifts. Everybody said that he was the most unselfish of boys.

The fairy, her eyes red, sidled up to the giant, whispering; "'Oo won't be cross, Unky Dorge. I had to tell. He wouldn't tum down 'tairs for me."

"Ah!" said the giant with a disappointed look.

"I am studying so hard, you know," said Prince George. "She teases me so. I wouldn't come down till Clarry told me you were here."

"Yes," said the giant, "It is a very good thing to study hard; but—you can spare time for this party?"

"Yes, certainly I can," said George, laughing; but at that moment conscience gave him a twinge or two.

The second party was as successful as the first, and what more could be said? The giant noticed that Prince George piled up his sister's saucer with cream three times, while he piled up his own saucer but twice; but he kept silent about it.

That evening, after the fairy was tucked into bed, the giant and Prince George had a long conversation about her. It would make the story too long to tell all that was said; but you must know the result.

The following Saturday, George got up quite a wondertul party, and sent cards to Clarry and her dolls; and up to this day, he has tried hard never to forget these closing words of the giant: "A student should have the manners of a prince at all times and in all places, but more especially he should study to please the loved ones at home."

THE little things which you may do for those about you will fall back upon your heart as the summer-dews fall upon the vineyards. What if it is nothing but a kind word to a school-boy crying in the street? It dried his tears, and the aching heart grows light and glad again. Who knows what a cloud of darkness *one* kind word may dispel?

A Sermon on "Push."

WHEN Cousin Will was at home for vacation, the boys always expected plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazel-nuts.

As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged-looking man and a discouraged-looking cart.

The cart was standing full of apples before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it up hill to his own house. The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. "Push, push!" was the cry.

The man brightened up; the cart trundled along as fast as they could make it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man; "you just wait a moment," and he hurried into the house, while two or three pink-aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now, boys," said Cousin Will, "this is a small thing; but I wish we could all take a motto out of it, and keep it for life. 'Push!'—it is just the word for a grand, clear morning like this; it is just the word for strong arms and young hearts; it is just the word for a world shat is full of work as this is. If any body is in trouble, and you see it, don't stand back; push! If there's anything good doing in any place where you happen to be, push! If there's any work going on in Sabbath School, push! Don't drag back, I beg of you. You'll do one or the other. Whenever there's a kind thing, a Christian thing, a happy thing, a pleasant thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home or in the town, at church or at school, just help with all your might; push!"

At that minute the farmer came out again with a dish of his wife's best dough-nuts, and a dish of his own best apples; and that was an end of the little sermon.—*Presbyterian.*

"MY son," said a fond papa, who was looking over the lesson his boy had received that day, "how did you manage when your teacher asked you to spell metempsychosis?" "O father," said the boy, "I just stood spell-bound!"

ARISTOTLE, on being reproved for giving alms to a bad man, made the following noble reply: "I did not give it to the man, I gave it to humanity."

For the Myrtle.

The Picture Mission.

WHAT'S the use of a picture mission? I fancy I hear some little reader say, after reading the call of the Shawmut School committee to help for their "flower fruit and picture" mission.

I once heard a lady tell about visiting a young lady sick with a painful disease of the spine, and confined to her room and her bed for several years. Her body was drawn out of shape. She suffered constantly the most terrible pain. Yet my friend found her cheerful, contented, even happy. And what was the reason?

At the foot of her bed hung a picture, the gift of a dear friend. It was a picture of Faith, drenched by overwhelming billows and beaten upon by the storm, yet reaching up out of the waters and clasping with strong, despairing hands the base of a cross planted there amid the rocks. Storm-clouds lowered, wind and rain and lightnings filled the sky; beneath, the angry billows roared and showed their awful, cavernous depths. But there immovable stood the cross, and there clutched the up-reaching hands, while beneath it stood the motto—*Et teneo et teneor*, —"I hold, and I am held."

And the young lady told my friend that this picture had been more to her than medicine, more than books, more, in her sick state, than even the minister or the Bible. Day and night, amid all her pain, when her eyes were sleepless and her brain almost wild with the body's agonies, it had preached to her its calm, strong lesson of faith, till she herself had lifted her hands out of those awful billows and taken hold of God and heaven. "So," she said, "I hold, and so I am held."

You see the mission of that picture, and such may be the mission of many pictures. A picture of sweet, bright flowers in a sick-room where flowers never go, of summer warmth and beauty where all is cold and dreary, of holy scenes where holy words are never heard:—these will remain and bless needy hearts long after flowers have faded and fruits have perished.

Dear readers, remember the picture mission.

H. A. B.

Trust.

A party of us were in a stage-coach among the mountains when the horses seemed to have become unmanageable. The driver shouted, coaxed, and swore. We were very much frightened. Some screamed, some cried, others tried to jump out, and all were pale with fright—all but one little girl, who sat quietly by her mother's side in the general hubbub.

"Don't cry, mother, don't cry," she said, patting her mother's cheek. "If we upset we shall fall into God's arms."

Who of us would not have given anything for the sweet trust of this darling child?

Perhaps it saved us. The horses became quieted down, and we reached the hotel in safety.

ANNIE and Lily were going from school together one afternoon, and Annie was teasing Lily to go off somewhere and play with her. "But mother told me to come right home from school," said Lily.

"Well, she was going away, and would never know if you did go away for a little while," naughty Annie said.

"But God has not gone away; he would know," Lily replied as she ran home fast.

Pearl-Fishery and the Pearl of Great Price.

THE beautiful pearl, where does it come from? Down, down, beneath the waters. It is born in the bosom of an oyster,—a dark and obscure home: but worth often has such homes, and worth, like pearls, is sought for and comes to light, and finds its proper value by and by.

The Island of Ceylon is famous for its pearl-fisheries. Let us visit one. There we find boats of from ten to fifteen tons burden, rigged with only one mast and sail, and with a crew of thirteen men and ten divers. Each boat has five diving-stones, weighing fifteen to twenty-five

pounds. A kind of scaffolding is formed of oars and other piecies of wood on each side of the boat, from which the diving tackle is hung,—three stones on one side, and two on the other. The diver strips off his clothes, jumps into the water, takes hold of the rope which supports a stone, and puts one foot into a loop, or stirrup, on the top of the stone. After getting his balance, a basket hanging from a rope is thrown to him; and in this he puts his other foot. Feeling himself ready, he grasps the rope in one hand, and his nose with the other, to prevent the water from rushing in; and the ropes are let off. Down, down he sinks to the dark oyster-bed below. On touching the bottom he takes his foot from the stone which is drawn up for the next diver, Then, throwing himself as much as possible on his face, he scrambles up the oysters; and if it is a rich bed and he is expert, he can gather a hundred and fifty in about a minute and a half; which is as long as he can stay under water. He jerks the rope, and he and his basket are hauled up. There are two divers to each stone; and they go down one after another, one resting while the other is plunging; and so they work on for six hours together.

On the return of the boats to the shore at night, the oysters are thrown into paved pens, where they stay ten days to dry and rot. The shells are then broken, and those which have pearls cleaving to them are handed to the clippers, who wrench the pearls off with pincers. After the shells are thrown away, the slimy part of the oyster remains, mixed with sand, and pieces of the shell. This is put into a sack like a jelly-bag, water is poured in, and it is shaken until the sand and the pearls sink to the bottom. When dry, the sand is sifted, and the large pearls are easily gathered; but the smaller ones, called "seed pearls," it takes some time to get out and collect together. Once collected, they are washed and sorted into classes, and strung on strings; when they are ready for the market.

Pearls have always been favorite ornaments; and some have been of enormous value. We read that Queen Cleopatra had pearl ear-rings worth many thousands pounds.

Such facts throw light on the words of our Lord: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant-man seeking goodly pearls; who, when he hath found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it;" showing that the salvation of the soul, which is found in the gospel of Christ, and which may will be called "the pearl of great price," is of more value than every thing else, and worth the cost of *all* we have in order to get possession of it.—*Selected.*

My Little Laborer.

A TINY man with fingers soft and tender.
As any lady's fair;
Sweet eyes of blue, a form but frail and slender,
And curls of sunny hair,
A household toy, a fragile thing of beauty—
Yet with each rising sun
Begins his round of toil—a solemn duty
That must be done.

To-day he's building castle, house, and tower.
With wondrous art and skill;
Or labors with his hammer by the hour,
With strong, determined will;
Anon, with loaded cart, he's plying
A brisk and driving trade;
Again, with thoughtful, earnest brow is trying
Some book's dark lore to read.

Now, laden like some little beast of burden,
He drags himself along,
And now his lordly little voice is heard in
Boisterous shout and song—
Another hour is spent in busy toiling
With hoop, and top, and ball—
And with a patience that is never failing,
He tries and conquers all.

But sleep at last o'ertakes my little rover,
And on his mother's breast,
Toys thrown aside, the day's hard labor over,
He sinks to quiet rest;
And as I fold him to my bosom, sleeping,
I think, 'mid gathering tears,
Of what the distant future may be keeping,
As a work for manhood's years.

Must he, with toil, his daily bread be earning,
In the world's busy mart,
Life's bitter lessons every day be learning,
With patient, struggling heart?
Or shall my little architect be building
Some monument of fame,
On which, in letters bright with glory's gilding,
The world may read his name?

Perhaps some humble, lowly occupation,
But shared with sweet content:
Perhaps a life in loftier, prouder station,
In selfish pleasure spent;
Perhaps these little feet may cross the portal
Of learning's lofty fane,
His life.work be to scatter truths immortal
Among the sons of men!

Whate'er thy lot, O blessed little sleeper,
Where'er thy feet may roam,
When life is done, and death, the world's great reaper,
Shall call thy harvest home,
May'st thou go then as sweetly to thy slumbers,
Earth's toys lay gladly down,
Then rise, to wear 'mid Heaven's angelic numbers
A starry, radiant crown!

From Ohio.

CINCINNATI, April 19, 1873.

I write rom this "Queen City" of the west. It has been called the workshop and exchange of the valley of the Ohio. This river divides it from Covington, Kentucky. I have a little picture before me of Cincinnati as it was in 1802, with its thirty houses or so, and the fort near them. The names of the owners of the buildings are given at the bottom of the picture. Now the city, including the suburbs, contains 300,000 inhabitants. It is well laid out, has many straight and wide streets, and shade trees in good variety and abundance.

An iron suspension bridge connects the city with Covington, Ky. From tower to tower it is 1057 feet in length. Its entire length is 2252 feet, and its height above the water 100 feet. It looks frail from a little distance, but the tread of a drove of elephants would not bend or jar it. It is as firm as the Rock of Gibralter. It cost $2,000,000. Many of the buildings of the city are remarkable for their handsome proportions and elegant finish. Among the principal public buildings which I have noticed are the City Hospital, built in 1869 at a cost of about $1,009,000; the College Edifice, occupied by the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association; the County Court House and City Hall; and the Observatory on Mt. Adams, which was dedicated by Hon John Quincy Adams, in 1843. Quite a number of colleges are here, and about one hundred and twenty churches. The Catholic cathedral, St. Paul's church (Methodist), the First Presbyterian church with the tallest steeple in the country, and the Jewish Temple, are among the most attractive places of worship.

One of the objects of greatest interest in the city is the Tyler Davidson Fountain, on Fifth street. It was the gift of Mr. Henry Probasco to the city, and was unveiled Oct. 6th 1872. It was given for the double purpose of bestowing upon the city where the business life of the donor had been spent, a permanent object of beauty and utility, and by its name, of erecting a monument to the memory of his deceased brother-in-law and business partner, Tyler Davidson. The fountain is in Probasco Place, below Vine and Walnut streets. The esplanade around it is 400 by 60 feet. The fountain is ornamented by all sorts of bronze statues, life size, representing the uses and enjoyments of water. The central and crowning figure is the "Genius of Water," a female in flowing robes, standing with outstretched arms, the water descending from her hands in fine sprays. Upon the four drinking fountains are the figures of nude boys, sporting and contending with animals from whose mouths the water issues. One is riding and striving to tame a dolphin; another is catching and playing with ducks; a third is struggling with a snake which has coiled itself around his foot, and is trying to crush its head with a stone; and the fourth is riding on the back of a huge turtle. The figures are admirable.

The suburbs of Cincinnati are delightful in the spring, summer and autumn. The Prince of Wales, when in this country, said that he had never beheld any landscape scenery more attractive than that around Cincinnati. Here is a place called Eden, laid out as a city park, and containing one hundred and sixty acres. Mount Auburn, Walnut Hills, Avondale, Woodlawn, and Clifton, are localities full of interest in the views of natural scenery and in the elegant works of art with which they abound. Forest Grove Cemetery is one of the most tasteful burial places of the dead I have ever looked upon. It is a continuous landscape, clean, green and flowery, with but very few iron fences or curbing stones around the lots. Green grass is preferred to granite, and the boundaries of the lots are marked only by low corner granite stones; a great improvement, as I think, upon Greenwood, Mount Auburn, Woodlawn and some other noted cemeteries of our land.

There is a substantial stone church edifice in this city belonging to the Universalists. It is on Plum street, in a central place. The society is a strong and substantial one. A good Sunday School is connected with it, of which Mr. T. G. Cravens is the faithful and efficient superintendent.

I want to write something about Buchtel College in Akron, which I have just visited, but my sheet is full.

J. G. ADAMS.

[In the "Letter from the West" in the MYRTLE of April 26th, in the first line, for "the Empire State of Ohio," read "the Empire State and Ohio." New York is called the Empire, Ohio the Buckeye State. J. G. A.]

The Shawmut Flower Mission.

This Mission of the young people of the Shawmut Sunday School which has been in active work, we think, three seasons, sends out its spring greeting. We gladly call it to the attention of our young readers:

The season having nearly arrived for the above Mission to resume active operations, the Committee having it in charge would take this opportunity to remind its friends, that on the first Monday in May, and on every succeeding Monday throughout the summer, contributions of flowers and fruit may be left as heretofore at the vestry of the Shawmut Ave. Church, whence they will be distributed among the sick and the distressed in our city.

The Committee request also that all cases of this kind may be reported to them, by those who may hear of such. This will greatly facilitate the work, and increase the effectiveness of the Mission.

Contributions of pictures, if they be of such a character as to cheer the heart and elevate the thoughts, may through this agency be placed where they will not only be welcome but exert an influence for good. Gratefully acknowledging past favors, the Committee ask that the success which has thus far followed the enterprise, may guarantee for it hearty and abundant support and co-operation in the future.

COMMITTEE.

Our Sunday Schools.

WISCONSIN.

—Rev. J. Fisher of Whitewater writes thus to the *Star in the West:* "We have in this place a flourishing Sunday School in active working order, with about eighty pupils, at present under the superintendence of the pastor, with a valuable Sunday School and Parish Library, the books of which are well read by at least two hundred persons. During the last month the School, under the training of Prof. T. M. Watson, an unwearied worker of the cause, gave a 'Juvenile Old Folks' Concert,' in proper costumes of the olden time, singing, with fine spirit and effect, some of the olden-time music, much to the joy of the fathers and grandfathers, the proceeds of which amounted to over one hundred dollars. The School may well be said to be earning its own prosperity, and working out its own salvation."

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON VIII.—PETER.

Question. — What did the apostles do after their release?

Answer. — Acts iv. 31.

Q. — Did the believers increase rapidly?

A. — Acts v. 14.

NOTE. These multitudes came to believe that the Scriptures taught the death and resurrection of Christ, and, as these Scriptures were fulfilled in Jesus of Nazareth, that Jesus was the Christ.

Q. — What were the feelings of the Sadducees when they saw the multitudes bringing sick people to enjoy the miracle working power of the apostles?

A. — Acts v. 16, 17.

Q. — What did they have done to the apostles?

A. — Acts v. 18.

Q. — What miracle was wrought for them that night?

A. — Acts v. 19.

Q. — What were they instructed to do, upon their release from prison?

A. — Acts v. 20.

Q. — What did they do?

A. — Acts v. 21.

Q. — When the council sent the officers for the prisoners in the morning, and the officers reported that they had escaped in some unknown way, what did the members of the council say?

A. — Acts v. 24.

Q. — While they felt how powerless they were, what news was brought to them?

A. — Acts v. 25,

Q. — What did the coucil have done immediately?

A. — Acts v. 26.

Q. — Why did the officers who arrested the apostles, treat them gently?

A. — Acts v. 26.

Q. — When they were brought before the council and the high priest inquired of them why they did not obey the instruction not to teach any more in the name of Jesus, what did Peter say?

A. — Acts v. 29.

Q. — What did Peter say boldly, to these men who did not believe in a resurrection?

A. — Acts v. 30.

Q. — When they heard these words, what did they wish to do?

A. — Acts v. 33

Q. — Who requested that the apostles might be taken out of the council chamber for a time?

A. — Acts v. 34.

NOTE. The Pharisees believed in a resurrection, and in this they opposed the Sadducees. Believing in a resurrection, they could not consistently persecute men for preaching that doctrine. On the other hand, they hated these men as badly as the Sadducees, and would not become their friends.

Q. — In order to condemn the men without condemning their doctrine, what did Gamaliel advise the council to do?

A. — Acts v. 38.

Q. — Did his advise prevail?

A. — Acts v. 40,

Q. — To what abuse of the apostles did Gamaliel consent?

A. — Acts v. 40.

Q. — What charge did the council give them?

A. — Acts v. 40.

Q. — Did the apostles obey this order?

A. — Acts v. 42.

Answer.

MAY 3. Love, Orpah, Vine, Elijah, Aaron, Simon, Beniamin, Rachel, Endore, Timothy, Hebrews, Rehoboain, Elijah, Nebuchadnezzar. Love as Brethren.

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